

And Mountague our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?
And Somerset, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskillfull, why not Ned and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.
And what is Edward, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What Clarence, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And Richard, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Beside the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If case some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
Twere childish weaknesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any tuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprovid'd.

Som. But hee's decei'd, we are in readinesse.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,
Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hewne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine say: for euery word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,
Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles,
Away with Oxford to Haines Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake,
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subject, proud ambitious Turke,
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd.
Rich. That you might still haue worn the Petticoat,
And ne're haue stolne the Breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Aesop fable in a Winters Night,
His Curish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.
Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vnfortun'd:
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dickie, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vsurp'd my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayer here.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Qu. Oh, kill me too!

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why should I see liue, to fill the World with
words.

Edw. What? doth shee sworne? she meane for her
recourie.

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
I hence to London on a serious matter,
Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cl. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Canst thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers!
They that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe.
And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,
How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely crop't:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,

But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.
As deathmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.

Cl. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it.

Cl. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou v'st to forswear thy selfe.

Twice Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou? Where is that diuels butcher Richard?

Hard fauor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murder is thy Almes-deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queene.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Cl. To London all in post, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's fodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,
By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant
on the Wall.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
Tis sinne to flatter. Good was little better:
'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,
And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the weaklesse Shepherd from y Wolfe:
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath Rosinus now to Acte?

Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bird.

Hen. The Bird that hath bin
With trembling wings misdo

And I the haplesse Male to one
Haue now the fatall Obiect in

Where my poore yong was li

Rich. Why what a peeuish
That taught his Sonne the off

And yet for all his wings, the

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore
Thy Father Minos, that deni

The Sunne that fear'd the win

Thy Brother Edward, and thy

Whose enuious Gulfe did sw

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon

My brest can better brooke th

Then can my eares that Tragi

But wherefore dost thou com

Rich. Think'st thou I am a

Hen. A Persecutor I am su

If murdering Innocents be

Why then thou art an Execut

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd

Thou hadst not liu'd to kill a

And thus I prophesie, that ma

Which now mistrust no parce

And many an old mans fighte

And many an Orphans water

Men for their Sonnes, Wives

Orphans, for their Parents ri

Shall rue the houre that euer

The Owle shriek'd at thy bir

The Night-Crow cry'de, ab

Dogs howl'd, and hideous T

The Raven rook'd her on the

And chat'ring Pies in dismal

Thy Mother felt more then a

And yet brought forth lesse t

To wit, an indigested and de

Not like the fruit of such a ge

Teeth hadst thou in thy head

To signifie, thou cam'st to bi

And if the rest be true, which

Thou cam'st

Rich. Ile heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech,

For this (amongst the rest) w

Hen. I, and for much mo

O God forgive my finnes, an

Rich. What? will the aspi

Sinke in the ground? I thoug

See how my sword weepes f

O may such purple teares be

From those that wish the do

If any sparke of Life be yet r

Downe, downe to hell, and f

I that haue neyther pittie, lou

Indeed 'tis true that Henrie

For I haue often heard my M

I came into the world with

Had I not reason (thinke ye)

And seeke their Ruine, that

The Midwife wonder'd, and

O Iesus blese vs, he is borne